

I am very fond of writing with this fancy Dupont pen and the osminoid free flowing black ink on tan bond paper. I wish I had a vast supply of this paper. Unfortunately I do not. I shall have to start looking around for more paper like it so that I am not caught short.

John hung around the NEWS for a while and watched the production. A very friendly visit. John is very good at staying out of the way at such moments. He and I were able to talk to each other and not interrupt the production of the paper. At 11 AM John went off to the National Guard Army to take the test. No paper went to the printer's at about noon, and I went to the BBC. Mr. Pullin and Mr. Starger and Ken Colville and I were the only ones there. We made plans for the town meeting that will take place in a few weeks. I will draft the letter to the candidates as well as the press releases. The BBC meeting lasted about an hour; at the end of the meeting I returned to the NEWS and then came back here. Job telephoned at about 2 PM and asked if I were interested in going to Honesdale with him so that he could have his photograph taken for his driver's license. Yes I said and Job appeared below my window in about 15 minutes. When I went down he announced that we were headed for Scranton and not Honesdale. It appears that the Honesdale office is closed on Tuesdays. Off we went to Scranton. A beautiful warm, autumn day and both of us were in a very holiday mood. Such are the moments that one fondly remembers when one is 110 years old and incapable of doing anything except recalling the days of one's youth. John was having a wonderful time driving his Suzuki, racing the engine and leaning forward, as if he were driving in a race, and, therefore, causing the wind to blow full force on me. He knows that that frightens me somewhat and so he does it just to get me fully involved in the process of riding. He drives the motorcycle very well and I don't really get frightened ^{for my life} when he does it, although I do get frightened. Down the highway we went, "with not a care in the world" as John says. We got off of Route 6 at Dickson City and went to Scranton through